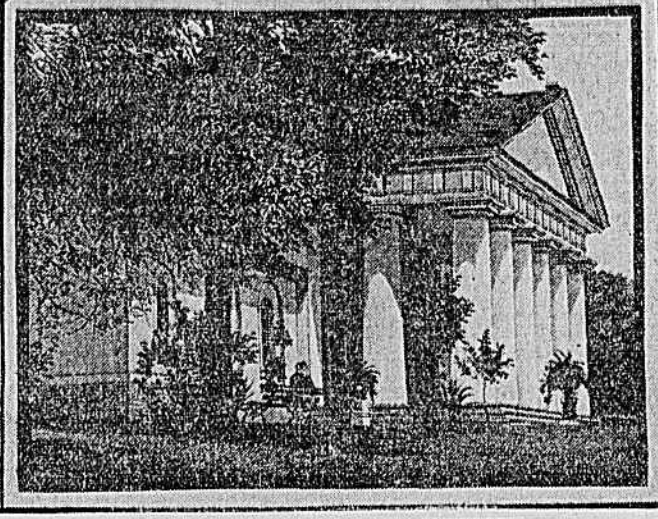


(Special Correspondence of The Times-Dispatch.)

GREAT RESULTS EXPECTED.
Great results are expected and Sec-

George Washington Parke Custis and his wife are buried at Arlington. A marble shaft marks their graves, which are in a retired spot near the limit of the southwestern plateau. General Lee and Mary Custis Lee are buried in the drawing room of Arlington, where visitors to-day register their names. Many of the leading Federal generals are buried at Arlington, and among the most interesting is in this historic place, a monument to the unknown dead. Their names, their friends, and their homes were all unknown. The simple and dramatic design of the monument is disclosed on the monument's granite face:

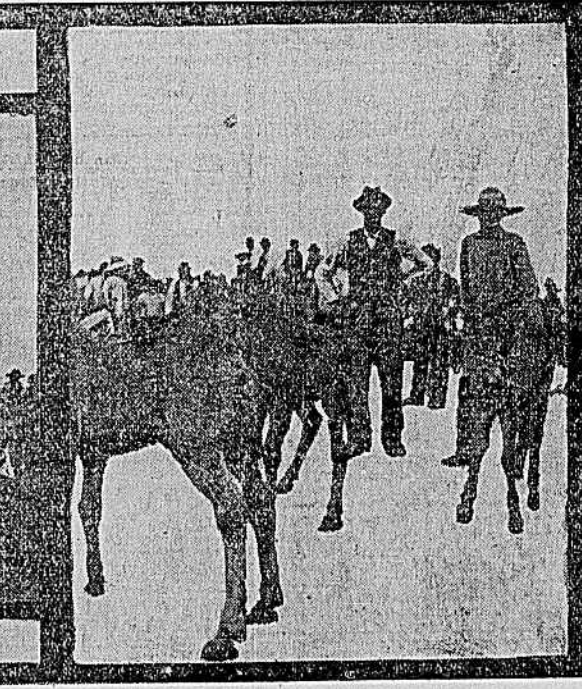
"Beneath This Stone



THE ARLINGTON MANSION.

Before the close of the war the property was sold for delinquent taxes, and the government purchased it, paying \$26,100. In 1877 George Washington Custis Lee, heir under the Custis will, instituted suit to recover the estate. He succeeded in establishing his legal title to the property, but was barred by the United States courts from further action

It was great sport. As a native recognized his brand he sought to catch and halter his pony, and the chase and fight was on. The contest was furious, dangerous. The coward had no hand in the chase. When seen, catcher closed his eyes to all danger and sought the wind of his prey and the fun began. As leap after leap, and plunge after plunge was beheld, the fight for the mastery was awfully exciting. One moment it seemed as if the catcher had gained the victory, again dashed or thrown 'neath wild, furious horses' hoof, it looked as though a lifeless human form, bruised beyond recognition and bleeding from great lacerations, would be seen no more. Presently a sturdy fisherman would arise from the scramble, and others rushing to his aid, the frantic beast would be mastered and haltered.



HALTERING THE CAPTURED STALLION.

and taken out. If he was more than a "yearling" and unbranded, according to custom, he became the property of the catcher, if he was less than a "yearling" his ownership was determined by the mare he was prone to follow. He then was taken aside, thrown and held to the ground, and red-hot irons applied to his hind forequarters and branded in the

HOISTING ABOARD.

A windlass is provided. A sheet of stout canvas is brought under the belly of the pony and around the body and across the back. At the top of the canvas or at either end of the canvas is a ring. To these rings is caught a hook and the hoisting process begins. When above the bow of the boat a swing is made, and the pony is let down into the hold of the boat. That is all.

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must excuse me if I get my client mixed up with the mules, but it is pretty hard to distinguish a man who was jackass enough to be my client from a mule. Well, Scully was my client. It was rough on Scully, but somebody had to be my first client.

As the two cannibals approached each other, my client dropped his tow-ropes so it would go under the keel of the Hotentot, but, unfortunately, somebody was looking over his shoulder. The tow-ropes caught, and my clients—the aforesaid mules—were jerked into the canal, and with a gurgling sigh they sank into the pellucid or opaque (whichever it was) depths, and I tried to get them out, but they could not be extricated, and when at last they were extricated, life was extinct.

It was a very sad case. I was deeply touched. My client was also touched, but not deeply. I only touched him for ten days.

I brought suit in admiralty, libeled the Hotentot, and the case came up before Judge Blatchford. You all remember Judge Blatchford—amiable, docile, patient, gentle, and fatalistic.

I remember starting in to open the case. I thought I had a good case, and as I drew an affecting picture of my clients, the mules—on moment so full of life and so empty of mirth and gaiety so characteristic of mules on the towpath; the next moment struggling for life in the dark, murky, pellucid or opaque waters of the canal—I thought the judge would be so moved that he would want to move the way I wanted him to be wanted forger whether he cast aside the judicial ermine

and came down off the bench to get at me, or simply threw things at me from where he was, but the next thing I remember I was hiding in my cellar. I thought Brooklyn was a bad place, but I never thought that case disgusted me with the law. I said to myself: "What is the use of my staying in this business and crowding out Everts and Abe Hummel, and putting out Joe Chaote's lights—men who have families dependent on me? I will go into some business where a man with a growing intellect will be appreciated."

By this hasty action on my part the bar was deprived of one of its brightest jewels.

This family physician has been trying to lift a mortgage which has been perching upon his residence, and what little I could get away from him I have had to devote to the onerous occupation of attending on supplementary proceedings. I have had to rather neglect my literary work.

This physician persuaded me to start a garden, but whether from philanthropic motives or because he lives next door and keeps bees I have not yet determined. He said that I should start with a hoe which would irritate the garden with a hoe while the cool fresh breezes fanned my brow it would have a benign and mellowing effect upon my liver. He also volunteered to supply me with watermelon and cucumber seeds. Also cuttings of the nasturtium. He said the night blooming hyacinth would be a fine one. Poor, trusting fool, I listened to his honeyed words. I raised a large crop of water-

Mr. Eugene Jacobs, of Vivian, W. Va., is visiting friends in Chatham.

BY GEORGE ADE.

So he stood in Lane with the copper-lined rounders, who had Bull Necks and

and then put them down again. The Sheep that walked into Armour's Pack-

MORAL: Many are Called, but few deliver the Goods.